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HAROLD HEININGER: BISHOP, SEMINARY PRESIDENT, THEOLOGIAN

by Dwight S. Busacca

The author of this article and his wife had a significant personal relationship with Bishop Heining. In addition the Bishop's daughter, Anne Heining Trapp, now living in Chicago, supplied the author with an autobiography written by Bishop Heining many years ago. Information from both of these sources forms the basis of this article.

Few persons know that Harold R. Heining was born, not in a maternity ward of a hospital, but in a hotel room in Lima, Ohio on August 13, 1895. His parents were on their way to his grandparent's home when Harold decided it was time to make his entrance into this world. He has had a unique life of service to Christ and the Church. It is interesting to look at some of the highlights of his life's journey.

Early Years

Harold Heining was born into a parsonage family and quickly became acquainted with tight financial conditions. Consequently, he worked at various jobs during his years of schooling including a butcher shop, the Perfection Oil Stove Company, a Y.M.C.A., and the Osborne Manufacturing Company. At the Osborne firm he was paid a total of \$5.00 a week.

On January 1, 1919, after receiving a Bachelor of Arts degree from Western Reserve University and serving fifteen months in the U.S. Infantry, he became an assistant on the staff at Calvary Evangelical Church in Cleveland, Ohio. Part of his duties included the supervision of a Daily Vacation Bible School with 225 children and four teachers. He also worked on the staff of the Cleveland Protestant Council of Churches.

During his time at Calvary, young Harold felt a call to the Christian ministry. The Calvary congregation recommended that he be granted a ministerial license and in the fall of 1919 he enrolled at the Evangelical Theological Seminary (ETS) in Naperville, Illinois. This seminary was to play a major role in his life. The bachelor of divinity degree was then a two-year program and most courses were

required. At the time Harold entered ETS there were thirty-nine students. The faculty included the prominent theologian S. J. Gamertsfelder, the future bishop John S. Stamm, and the future president of ETS, George B. Kimmel. During his student years Harold Heining was part of the seminary deputation teams and quartets that traveled to speak and sing at churches on behalf of the seminary.

Doctoral Program

Because Harold was an outstanding student, he was encouraged by his seminary professors to pursue a doctoral degree. He applied and was accepted at the Boston University School of Theology. He hoped to get a student pastoral appointment to help pay expenses, but at the last minute a letter from the bishop of that area, who had promised him the appointment, stated that "the student appointment which he had intended for him would not be available." But moving forward on faith, he enrolled at Boston. A friendly pastor in the Boston area welcomed him into his home and provided his housing. Heining also worked at a variety of jobs to pay his expenses including pastor of a small church.



BISHOP HEININGER

Heining studied under professors at Boston such as Albert Cornelius Knudson, Edgar Sheffield Brightman, Walter Scott Athern, William Jackson Lowstuter, and Elmer Archibald Leslie and specialized in New Testament studies. Of the faculty Harold Heining said, "The professors at Boston University School of Theology saw to it that the academic horizons [of the students] were pushed back and disciplined study of our faith and its history [was] required." (Paul W. Milhouse, *Nineteen Bishops of the EUB Church* ((Nashville, 1974)), p. 76.) Although he

completed a Master of Sacred Theology degree at Boston he did not complete his doctoral work there.

Return to the Evangelical Theological Seminary

In 1923 Harold Heininger was asked to teach New Testament at the ETS. *[Editor's note. Until the merger with the Methodist denomination in 1968 the EUB seminaries generally chose their own faculty without the currently accepted "open search" process. The major figure in the choice of faculty was usually the president. New faculty members were often graduates of the seminary who had been outstanding students and had gone on to earn advanced degrees at prominent universities like Boston, Drew, Chicago, Yale, Princeton, and Johns Hopkins. They were almost always ordained clergy of the Evangelical, United Brethren, or EUB denominations. While this restricted recruitment of faculty might be criticized today, it did result in seminary faculties with an unusual unity and commonality of purpose. Their primary arguments were over the means rather than the ends of a seminary education.]*

A decade later, in 1933, Harold Heininger completed his doctoral degree at the University of Chicago. When John S. Stamm was elected bishop in 1926 Paul E. Keen became Professor of New Testament Studies and Heininger became Professor of Theology (Christian doctrine). Later the seminary expanded to a three-year program that had become standard practice in theological education. Additional professors were hired, including Dr. Elmer D. Reibel, Dr. Wilbur C. Harr, Dr. Paul Eller, and later Dr. Wayne Clymer in the Department of Practical Theology and Counseling.

In 1939 when President Kimmel passed away, Harold Heininger was elected president of ETS and for fifteen years he served ably in this capacity. He guided the seminary through the post-World War II period when for the first time many married students enrolled at the seminary. This required major housing adjustments including the remodeling of Seybert Hall into two-room apartments, the purchase of housing for married students, and the expansion of the faculty. Such growth required additional funding and meant that President Heininger had to spend increasing amounts of time and energy raising funds.

Bishop of the Northwestern Area

At the General Conference held in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, in 1954 Harold Heininger was elected a bishop of the Evangelical United Brethren Church. He was assigned to the Northwestern Episcopal area including the states of Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Northwest Canada. Over 700

ministers and 100,000 members resided in this territory. It represented a geographical area from Southern Illinois to Vancouver, British Columbia in Canada. Bishop Heininger wrote, "I learned how to listen to pastors, to lay people, and to conference superintendents. I studied *Robert's Rules of Order* and the Church Discipline."

About his ministry as a bishop he wrote, "It does not require much imagination to picture the endless meetings with conference cabinets, conference Councils of Administration, boards and agencies in program planning and promotion, minister's retreats, service in worship leadership, anniversaries and church dedications, financial drives for worthy church purposes on an annual conference and general church level." He continued, "Ordinations never lost their high significance for me as young men presented themselves . . . and took the solemn vows involved. Two hundred forty-five persons were ordained in the United States and Canada and in Europe, over which I served as chairman from 1955 to 1968. I learned to trust the process, 'As the day so shall thy strength be.'"

Personal Reminiscences

Let me share some personal and humorous aspects of my wife Marilyn's and my relationship with Harold Heininger. For the three years I was in seminary at ETS, Marilyn worked as the personal secretary to President Heininger. I, of course, was one of his students. Later I served as a minister under his episcopal leadership when I was a pastor in a suburban church in the Milwaukee area. In fact, during this pastorate I attended the 1954 Milwaukee General Conference where he was elected bishop.

Sessions of the Wisconsin Annual Conference at that time were held in local churches and twice during my thirteen-year tenure in this Milwaukee area parish the conference was held in the church I was serving. Each time Bishop Heininger stayed at our home and was a gracious guest with a wonderful sense of humor.

On one occasion, when we were eating breakfast together, he told of the time when he and his cabinet were meeting in the living room of a parsonage home during an annual conference session. The cabinet members were deeply engrossed in making some last minute pastoral appointments. In the midst of their intensive discussion, the son of the host pastor came into the room, and after a brief pause while he studied the faces of the cabinet members

said, "Will you fellows please move to another room? I would like to see a TV program and our only set is in this room." As the Bishop told this story he chuckled and obviously delighted in telling it. I have no idea whether the cabinet did or did not move.

Another humorous experience occurred when I was a student in one of Professor Heininger's theology classes. It was a one o'clock class when students tend to be groggy after eating. In addition the day was gray, dreary, and conducive to sleep. Heininger was attempting to lecture to this class of half asleep, groggy students and felt he had to do something to wake us up. His lecture theme happened to be "cause and effect." In desperation he walked over to the light switch and flicked the lights off and on, off an on, off and on. As the class finally came to life he said in no uncertain terms, "Gentlemen, that is cause and effect."

Part of Heininger's task as seminary president was to raise much needed funds. One day a check of major size came into his office given by a family whose interest in the seminary he had cultivated for some time. He was thrilled and overjoyed to receive this generous gift. During the chapel period that day he told of this wonderful gift. The chapel organist was Edgar (Cookie) Cook. Holding the check in his uplifted hand, President Heininger walked to the altar and with a dramatic gesture tossed the check on the altar and said with great emphasis: "Cookie, play the doxology!" This phrase with its majestic emphasis became a standing joke for the seminary students of this era as it was common to hear someone kiddingly say, "Cookie, play the doxology!"

Another humorous incident should be shared. During an ordination service of the Wisconsin Conference held at Memorial Community EUB Church, Bishop Heininger told this story. "One hot, spring evening during a session of an annual conference, all doors and windows of the church were open to permit some movement of outside cooler air to enter the sanctuary. The presiding bishop sat behind a table in the center of the chancel and the eight superintendents sat at tables in the front of the sanctuary just in front of the first row of pews.

"Into the open doors at the rear of the sanctuary walked a little dog who trotted down the center aisle into the chancel and bit the bishop! The dog then proceeded to the superintendent's table and bit each of the eight district superintendents. On the way out of the sanctuary the dog stopped to bite a layperson. Someone quickly called the dogcatcher

who just as quickly found the little dog and put it in his truck. On the way to the pound the dogcatcher said to the dog, 'I can understand you biting the bishop, sometimes I feel like biting him myself. And I can understand you biting the superintendents, sometimes I feel like biting them too. But, why did you have to bite that poor lay person?' The dog paused for a few moments and then said, 'I just had to get that awful taste out of my mouth.'"

The congregation roared at this story. When they had finished laughing Bishop Heininger said, "There is no connection between this story and this ordination service, nor is there a connection with my sermon. It is a cute story and I simply wanted to share it with you."

The "dog-bites-bishop" story is a good illustration of Bishop Heininger's fine sense of humor and his ability to laugh at himself.

(I might suggest that it is also a good example of the self-deprecating way that EUB's—including bishops—viewed the position of bishop and brings to mind once again Bishop Showers' comment "Bishops are as good as the rest of us as long as they behave themselves." This is not to suggest that EUB's did not respect their bishops, but they were respected primarily for the Christian witnesses they were and not primarily for the office they held.)

During the time that Harold Heininger was president of the seminary, Marilyn and I often wondered how he managed to do all of the things required of him. His job was an impossible one. He was the **seminary president** and that was demanding in itself. He was the **fundraiser** requiring him to travel on many weekends to raise funds to keep the seminary solvent. He was the **public relations** department seeking to keep positive relations with the various constituencies that related to the seminary. He was the only **theologian** on the faculty and had a heavy load of academic teaching. This meant that he not only had a full schedule of work during the week, but also was often out of town on weekends on speaking engagements and would not return home until Sunday night or Monday. Many times Marilyn and I wondered how he stood up under the strain of his workload. But it may be that this was a unique preparation for his years as bishop of the EUB Church when he also was away from home much of the time—in service to Christ and to His Church. Harold Heininger was a faithful servant of his Lord and many of us are better persons for having sat in his classes, worked under his episcopal leadership, and "rubbed elbows" with him as teacher, bishop, and friend.

EUB CONNECTIONS GONE TOO FAR?

by Wayne E. Barr

In the April, 2003, issue of the *University of Chicago Magazine*, there is a notice, on the page devoted to recent deaths of faculty, of the passing of Robert J. Braidwood (Ph.D. '43) and of Linda S. Braidwood. Dr. Robert Braidwood, Professor Emeritus in the Oriental Institute and his wife, Linda, a Research Associate at the Oriental Institute, met during an archeological research dig and were married in 1937. They both died on January 13, 2003, he at age 95 and she at 93. They are survived by a daughter, a son, and three grandchildren.

I studied at the Oriental Institute during the period (1946-1948) I was in graduate study at the University of Chicago. I remember Professor Braidwood well because he was such a strikingly handsome figure as he strode into the library to look up a source as he researched for interpreting his latest finds. He was very personable and friendly whether he knew you or not. This was impressive in a scholar who was so young and renowned for his work. Dr. Braidwood's first recognition came when he was included in a Middle East expedition led by James Henry Breasted, founder and director of the University's Oriental Institute on the South Chicago campus.

During my tenure (1951-1988) at United Seminary my senior colleague was Dr. George W. Frey, whose special expertise was archeology. During our long friendship as colleagues, we shared a mutual interest in Evangelical United Brethren connections. George taught me that the renowned James Henry Breasted was a graduate of North Central College (an EUB college in Naperville, Illinois).

When I read the note on Braidwood's passing, one reference caught my attention. "He was considered by some to be the prototype for the screen archeologist Indiana Jones." Developing the "connections" theme, could we say that Indiana Jones was rooted in the EUB tradition through Breasted and Braidwood to Indiana Jones to Harrison Ford? Dare we claim that?

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Editor: Robert L. Frey
Compositor: James D. Nelson

Correspondence should be sent to the editor at
1356 Hidden Creek Rd.
Miamisburg, OH 45342

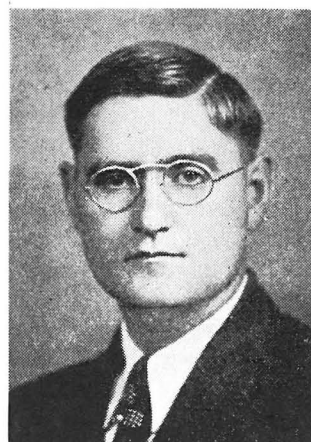
Email: rlfrey@myexcel.com

AIR RAID

by Helen Farnham Findley

Dr. Dwight Busacca solicited this story from the author. Dr. Busacca commented on the story: "It is interesting as an experience of a missionary kid in a critical situation and time in China." The children of missionaries were often projected into unfamiliar cultures and settings at extremely formative times of their lives. Their observations of the events that surrounded them are interesting and often show how perceptive they were at relatively young ages. The author's father was Dr. Vernon Farnham, long time missionary to China.

It was a hot, sultry, sticky Sunday afternoon in 1941, a typical mid-summer day for sub-tropical Hunan Province in south central China. It also was wartime, with Japan having invaded China in 1937 and the Japanese army now moving slowly across the country. Japanese troops were in northern Hunan, and flights of bombers flew over Liling almost daily on their way to



DR. FARNHAM

important targets in other parts of the province. The bell in our mission church always rang a steady "ding, ding, ding" to tell us the planes were in the air, then when the lookouts detected them coming our way it changed to a frantic "dingdingdingding." When the cadence finally rang the "all clear" slowly, "ding—ding—ding" we knew that the enemy planes were back at their home airfield and we were safe for another day.

We were not too concerned about all of this—Liling was much too small for bombs to be wasted on—and besides we were Americans. How did the Japanese know? Because every time planes were in the air we laid a big American flag out in our yard so the Japanese pilots could know who we were and that our mission property should not be touched. They could not miss our big brick house set in the mission compound on a hill overlooking the city, but we were not the enemy. So whenever we heard the whine of the airplane engines, Dad and I always liked to go out in the yard to count them. It was almost like a game to see if the same number returned as had set out early in the morning, and we would rejoice if their numbers were diminished.

On this Sunday afternoon my parents had lain down for their afternoon nap in preparation for attending church later in the afternoon when there was less likelihood of an air raid. Sha Rin, our cook, had finished cleaning up our dinner dishes and had gone home to his family who lived in a small house nearby, probably for a

nap too. Jo Si Fu, the coolie was at his home in the gatehouse which guarded the entrance to our walled compound. I, an avid reader at age eight, had settled down in the living room with a Tom Swift novel left behind by my older brothers now living with my grandparents in Illinois and attending high school in the States. Drowsily I heard the church bell ringing. A little later it sounded urgently, and a little later still I heard the roar of approaching planes.

"Dad always likes to count the planes as they go out," I thought to myself. "I'll wake him so we can see how many there are and if they all come back at the end of the day." I dashed upstairs to wake Dad, calling, "Come see the planes!" and followed him back down and out into the front yard. The planes were louder than I had ever heard them before! They were flying so low you could even distinguish the different ones by the distinctive sound of their individual motors!

Dad took one look at the sky and yelled in a panicked voice I'd never heard him use before, "Duck!!!" All I could think of was our bomb shelter, cut into the side of the hill below the house. When playing together, my Chinese friends and I would go down the narrow brick steps (there must have been hundreds of them) to the bomb shelter in the tangerine grove. There we could pick tangerines or look for tender shoots among the stand of bamboo growing nearby, but we would never go into the bomb shelter. It was a cave, scary, dark, and damp, and I knew snakes and centipedes lived there. But the urgency in Dad's voice told me that was the only place to be, and I turned and ran, faster than I had ever run before.

Just as I got to the shelter, bombs started thudding down, shaking the ground and exploding with ear-shattering booms. I was alone. As far as I knew, Dad was still in the front yard and Mother was upstairs in bed. Any moment our house would be hit, and I would be an orphan! My eyes burned with tears and my throat ached with sobs. I knew I would never see my parents again. I didn't care about the scary bomb shelter or anything else; I just wanted them to be safe.

After an eternity, but probably only a few minutes, I heard their welcome voices calling me, and Mother and Dad entered the dark bomb shelter—safe after all. I still had my family! They dried my tears and we stood quietly together, arms around each other listening to the planes, the swish of falling bombs, and the explosions. The raid seemed to last forever, but finally the bombing ended and the sound of the planes faded away.

The air was eerily quiet when we finally felt safe enough to emerge and begin to take stock of our situation. We were safe and our house had not been hit,

although it did seem that from where bombs had landed the house probably had been a target. A bomb had landed below our house and close to our mission clinic building, blowing in a wall and destroying many precious drugs. Dad felt he needed to go out into the city to see who had been hurt and what damage had been done. I begged to go too, but he wouldn't hear to that. Instead, I could carry bandages to the dispensary and run other errands on the compound. When Dad returned from surveying the city, he reported that because no one had feared the planes and thus had not taken shelter, many people had been killed or injured. One horrifying sight was a neighbor whose leg had been blown off.

That night was one full of confusion. The air was now full of wails from family members mourning the loss of loved ones. The mission hospital was full to overflowing with wounded and busy doctors tending to them. Those made homeless were searching for shelter. Although our family and our home were intact, going to sleep was almost impossible for thinking of all that had happened. It was a day I would never forget.

AUTHORS OF THIS ISSUE

Dwight S. Busacca is a retired EUB clergyman and a staff member of the Board of Global Ministries for 25 years. He is a member of the Center's Advisory Board and currently resides at Otterbein Home-Lebanon. The editor gratefully acknowledges the extensive contribution of materials Dr. Busacca has made to the *Telescope-Messenger*.

Helen Farnham Findley is the daughter of Dr. Vernon Farnham, long time missionary to China. She lives in Madison, Wisconsin.

K. James Stein is Professor *Emeritus* of Church History at Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary. He is a member of the Center's Advisory Board and currently resides in Evanston, Illinois.

Wayne E. Barr is Professor *Emeritus* of Old Testament Interpretation at United Theological Seminary. He lives in Trotwood, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio.

Robert L. Frey is a retired Academic Dean and Professor of History. He is the editor of the *Telescope-Messenger* and lives in Miamisburg, a suburb of Dayton, Ohio.

EDITOR'S REQUEST

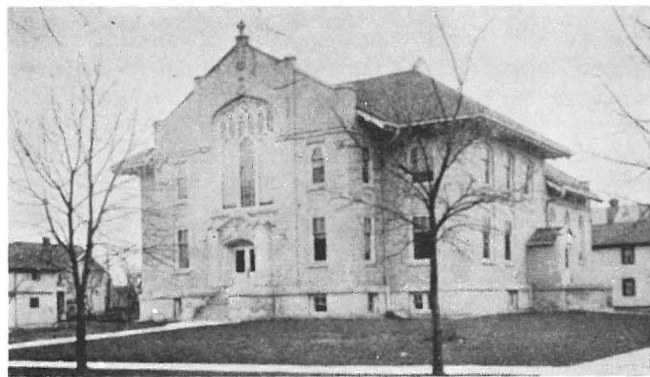
We encourage any of you who read this publication to send us recollections of individuals or events of the EUB years or to encourage anyone whom you know to send us such recollections. Most people have a "story to tell" of their experiences in the EUB Church. The *Telescope-Messenger* is one of the best places to have these stories published.

In this issue, Dr. Dwight Busacca has done an excellent job of telling of his experiences with Bishop Heininger and in this and several earlier issues he has encouraged others to do the same. We need more people like Dr. Busacca.

**DAY OF REMEMBRANCE
FOR
EVANGELICAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY**
by K. James Stein

In late 1853 Eliza Garrett, widow of a former mayor of Chicago, dedicated about \$300,000 for the endowment of a Methodist theological school which, bearing her name, first opened its doors in Evanston, Illinois in 1855. On March 13, 1873, Union Biblical Institute, the fledgling seminary of the Evangelical Association, was chartered by the State of Illinois. It held its first classes in 1876 on the campus of North Central College in Naperville, Illinois.

Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary (GETS) will thus be celebrating its sesquicentennial in 2003-2005. As a prequel to the main events to be held in Evanston, a "Day of Remembrance" for the chartering and history of Evangelical Theological Seminary (ETS) took place in Naperville on March 19, 2003, when almost 200 alumni/ae and friends gathered to celebrate and reminisce.



ETS MAIN BUILDING - 1913

The large and enthusiastic March 19th turnout necessitated moving the "Day of Remembrance" from the former seminary campus to Community United Methodist Church in Naperville (formerly First EUB Church). In the morning service of worship, presided over by Pastor Thomas Babler, '73, participants heard an inspiring sermon, "Taking Care for Our Landmarks," by President Ted Campbell of GETS and warm greetings from President Hal Wilde of North Central College.

The featured speaker of the day was retired Bishop Wayne K. Clymer, who in his twenty-six years in Naperville had served ETS as Professor of Pastoral Theology, Dean, and President. Addressing the theme, "Celebrating the Past and Welcoming the Future," Clymer recounted how the seminary was founded in a time of considerable resistance to theological

education in the Evangelical Association. He acknowledged the large contribution toward the successful beginnings of the new school made by Frederick W. Heidner, a North Central College professor and himself a graduate of Garrett Biblical Institute. Heidner was one of the first faculty persons at the new institute, which in 1909 was renamed ETS.

Clymer recounted the institutional growth measured in part by the erection of the new seminary building in 1912 and accreditation granted by the American Association of Theological Schools in 1938. He recalled that when he joined the faculty in 1946, it was composed of six professors. There was a strong evangelical and pious ethos combined with a concern for social relevance. The faculty was committed to ecumenism and world missions. The closely-knit community had an enrollment of about ninety students.

When Clymer left the seminary in 1972 (upon his election to the episcopacy) ETS had fifteen faculty members and a student body of 181. A number of new buildings and a new degree program had also been added. Clymer closed his lecture by saying, "I welcome this day of remembrance of a school that for 100 years served the church with distinction, and that has continued to advance the Kingdom of God as Garrett-Evangelical Theological Seminary."

Lunch tables were decorated with significant photographs of graduating classes, basketball teams, faculty gatherings, and residence hall life. The sharing of memories in the afternoon was facilitated by a panel of alums consisting of Nathan Bartel, '40; Samuel Batt, '46; James E. Will, '52; Richard Tholin, '52; Gladys Fahner Galow and C. M. Kempton Hewitt, '64; Alan Streiffeller, '66; Lynn Pries, '71; Theresa Schlub, '74; and K. James Stein, '56 as moderator. Following a time of sharing, Professor Dwight Vogel, faculty member at GETS and the son of a 1931 graduate of ETS, led the group in singing the ETS hymn, written in 1900, and a number of other hymns precious to the former EUB Church.

Although most returning graduates were from Illinois and other Midwestern states, some came from as far away as California, Washington, Colorado, Virginia, and New Jersey. All seemed grateful for the sound theological education and spiritual formation in community they had received at ETS. Dr. Douglas Wingeier, retired professor from GETS, preceded the benediction with the remark that summed up the feeling of the day—"We now know that ETS means 'eternally thankful students.'"

NORMANDY CHURCH

by Robert L. Frey

Most of the information for this article, including quoted portions, was taken from the pamphlet A Brief History of Normandy United Methodist Church published by the Church.

One of the most interesting churches in the EUB denomination from an architectural standpoint was Normandy Evangelical United Brethren Church in Centerville, Ohio. In the 1950s the Kettering and Centerville areas south of the City of Dayton were growing rapidly. Although the EUB denomination had many churches in the greater Dayton area, it did not have one positioned to take advantage of the growth in Centerville and Washington Township. Building a new church structure would take time and there was no existing congregation on which to rely.

Into this setting came an offer from successful businessman Richard H. Grant to sell his personal home to the Ohio Miami Conference as a new church building around which a congregation could be formed. The purchase price was \$125,000 for the home, a seven-room gatehouse, a swimming pool, and fifteen acres of adjoining land. This had been separated from the original tract of 780 acres that comprised Normandy Farms. In July 1955 the Normandy Farms house became Normandy EUB Church.

The house had been built in 1927-1930 at a cost of about one million dollars—a staggering sum for that day. The architectural style was Medieval English with a huge tower and the building material was stone. Centerville was well known for its early stone houses, so the Grant house fit nicely into the area. I recall going with my father and several other people on a tour of this house in the summer of 1955. The house was most impressive and the attention to quality construction and elegant details was obvious even to a sixteen-year old lad. It was, however, difficult for me to believe that one family could make use of the thirty-eight rooms in the main section of the house and the two wings.

The house was built for the ages with walls eighteen inches thick and a slate roof. “The eleven sculptured marble fireplaces, the massive entrance gates, many of the doors, and the stained glass window plaques were purchased in Europe. The beautifully hand carved old wood paneling in the main hall was imported from England. Other beautiful furnishings, many period chairs, paintings, painted tapestries, andirons, and tables” were conveyed to the

Conference in the sale and can be viewed at the church today.

“The Rev. Milford E. Ater conducted the first worship service [at Normandy] on September 18, 1955 and the congregation was organized on October 2nd of that year.” Two years later Richard Grant died and the funeral was conducted in his living room that had become the sanctuary of the new church. By the time of Mr. Grant’s death the congregation’s growth was impressive and it was clear the large house would not be big enough to contain the growth. Plans were made to construct a new sanctuary in harmony with the architecture of the house. “On June 2, 1963 the new sanctuary was dedicated by Bishop Paul M. Herrick and Dr. William K. Messmer. A new kitchen was added near the sanctuary with the idea of this area becoming a Fellowship Hall.”

“In 1965 a second pastor, The Rev. Harvey Smith, was added to the staff. As a result of the merger of the Methodist Church with the EUB Church in April 1968, the name of the church was changed to Normandy United Methodist Church.” Since that time additional building has taken place at the site as the congregation continued to grow. Today, under the joint pastorate of Rev. Tom Harry and Rev. Jan Harry, Normandy Church has a membership of 774 [2003 West Ohio Conference Journal] and is a vital force in the religious life of the South Dayton area. It stands as one of the most unique church structures of the EUB era.

PUBLICATIONS

The United Methodist General Board of Global Ministries recently published *On the Journey Home: The History of Mission of the Evangelical United Brethren Church, 1946-1968*. **Rev. Dr. J. Steven O'Malley**, Professor of Church History and Historical Theology at Asbury Seminary and a member of the EUB Center Advisory Board is the author of this book. **Dr. O'Malley** is well known for his publications in the history of pietism and EUB history. Many readers of the *Telescope-Messenger* will remember the people mentioned in this excellent book. The book can be purchased through the Service Center of the General Board of Global Ministries or at a Cokesbury Bookstore.

Mary Lue Warner, retired staff member of the Board of Missions of the EUB and United Methodist Churches and a member of the EUB Advisory Board has written an article titled, “Evangelical United Brethren Women: Mission Gifts that Live Today” in the November 2003 issue of **Response** the publication of United Methodist Women. A copy should be available from the president of the UMW in your local church. Do not miss this excellent article that keeps the EUB heritage alive.

ANECDOTAGE

Rev. M. J. Miller's story in the Anecdote section of the last issue of the Telescope-Messenger caused a strong recollection of an event during my student days at Bonebrake Seminary [now United Theological Seminary] several years after the one M. J. reported.

One fall of my student years at UTS (1936-39) several students who were active in the Student Council—among them my roommate Calvin Reber Jr.—did what students in every age do—have fun. We decided to engineer a most unusual way of presenting the faculty at the social event held for new students. We were a bit apprehensive and hoped our approach to introducing the faculty would not set a demeaning tone for the year, but we went on with it nonetheless.

We held a mock heresy trial bringing charges such as "breaking the rules of play" against J. R. Howe, who was, in fact, the city-wide champion handball player. The judge was President A. T. Howard who presided over the "trial" fully robed and standing on the bottom rung of a stepladder. Prosecuting attorney was Bruce Behney and the defense attorney was none other than Merle Harner [recovered from his paddling of several years earlier]. One of the witnesses was Walter Roberts.

As I recall, the trial went on for some time and amid all the hilarity the faculty members played the entire event with proper courtroom solemnity and aplomb. Naturally this seriousness amidst the humor increased the sport of the entire event. The program proceeded smoothly and fortunately no noticeable negative affect on either the student body or the faculty developed during the year.

In those days of the continuing Great Depression such events served to bring comic relief to us and to let everyone know there could be genuine fun in the sedate atmosphere of a seminary.

Mark J. Hostetter

United Theological Seminary
Center for the Evangelical United Brethren Heritage
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